LAWRENCEBURG, TENN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1890.

And hide it, as I slyly may, By this and that overt disguise; I have it in the tell-tale gray And in the cloud upon my eyes.

Kind friends will often say, 'tis true; "How young you look, how hale she But this I know they did not do

Waen I was sure that I was young. And so I'm growing old in truth, My sense less keen, my step less free; But I retain my real youth— I am not old, and will not be

Tis not in time to make me cid, The' years may wear my frame away; May make the vital currents celd, And turn the raven locks to gray.

But tong as hope in me is strong, And faith looks up with undimmed eyes; And long as love and zeal press on To reach the mark and take the prize;

Yea, long as from the heights seron stream of life flows pure and strong, The leaf of life shall still be green, And mine shall be a gladsome song.

As aged eagles molt their plumes, And bathe in clouds their new-fledge So my young soul its strength resumes, And to its native Heaven springs.

And so shall all who wait on God And so shall all who wait on Archive Forevermore their youth renew;
Mount up on wings to His abode,
And life's eternal path pursue,
—N. Y. Observer.

JULE'S HOME MISSION.

Bringing a Thoughtless, Selfish Girl

to Her Senses. "Well, Jule, she's the cutest thing

"Isn't she, though!" Jule exclaimed in answer, her dark head nodding eulogies. "She's as quick as a flash, so breezy and bright, and sings and plays just be-a-u-tifully!"

The last word was smothered to a whisper, for the subject of Jule's enthusiasms returned, bearing a dainty tray of fruit and cake. She was a ebarming little creature indeed, with dancing blue eyes and saucy blonde curls nodding airily over her graceful head. And it needed but this evidence of her thoughtfulness to completely capture ber girl-callers; for as Blanche said afterward: 'If there's any thing that wins my heart on a scorebing August day, it's icy-cold oranges and fluffy sponge-cake." So they chattered away, blithe as birds and laughing little birdripples over the droll songs Nell sang to the tune of ber silver-mounted banjo.

Jule told the family about her new acquain ance at the tea-table that

'She is a cute little trick," Sam said, smiling. "I see her down town pretty often, and she looks so rosy and bright that it's a real treat just to look at

"Well, for my part," brother Hugh said, bluntly, "I always feel sort o'skittish about these butterfly girls, who spend such a precious lot of time on the

"Oh, you big, young sifter-of-men-and-things, don't moralize over pretty Nell Wayne now. She's all right, not to speak slangily, either. She's just a little sunbeam, that's what she is, and I he pe she'll shine around this habitation frequently. They're not very rich, I fancy, and I'm glad I can make it pleasant for her. She's as sweet and dainty as can be, but they live in that tiny cottage down Elm street-just she and her mother and younger sister, for she has no father."

"Well, here, sis, suppose you cut the biography short and pass the rolls. I'm more interested in supper just now, than I am in pretty girls. If your sunbeam isn't good gold, I'll trust the mother-bird and the owl here to find it out, and rescue you and your young affections from any unfortunate attach-

But the sunbeam really seemed to prove "good gold" and to grow more charming daily. One night, after a sparkling visit from her, during which she had seemed more winsome and lovable than ever, Mrs. Kessler was moved to ask of Jule: "Is her mother as viva-

Jule opened her mouth and closed it again. For a minute the power of speech seemed to have deserted her. Mrs. Kessler waited in some surprise for the answer, which came slowly when it did come. "Why, mother, I've never seen Mrs. Wayne, even. And the worst of it is that it never occurred to me before that I hadn't. Nell always makes the time so full of sparkle that I hadn't missed the greater light-as of course the mother must be," with a smile at the little woman who was certainly "the greater light" in the Kess-

The next afternoon, at Nell's, Jule took occasion to ask: "Where's your mamma, dear? Do you know I've never met her?"

Nell laughed carelessly: "Oh! mamma's about the house some place. I'll

call her presently." But she didn't, and Jule supposed she had forgotten it. At the gate, in the semi-dusk, she ran against a little faded-looking person who was hurrying around the side-way with a pitcher of milk. "I beg your pardon," she stammered; and the little body; seplied also, with stress on the your: "I beg your pardon," and in a moment had disappeared in the kitchen doorway.

"Well, I wonder who on earth that was!" Jule soliloquized, and then forgot all about it, until, at tea-time, a man denied it. speech of sturdy Hugh's sent a sudden stab of conviction to her heart. She was repeating one of Nell's bright little kitten friend of yours. Because she hasn't any more conscience than the | tered all his efforts on escaping with

kept its mother a grub." "Why Hugh Kessler, what can you

"Just what I say, sister mine. She frisks about town in her charming simple gowns and sunshiny smiles, while taken from the incision."-Jewslers' her worn-out little mother sews night | Weekly.

and day to feed and clothe the family. Have you ever seen her do one useful thing? Answer me that, Jule, honor

Jule had left the table in tears. Hugh never made statements that he couldn't prove, and the blow was too crushing and too sudden. Mrs. Kessler found her in her room an hour later, her eyes red from crying.

"And to think how I loved that girl!" she wailed. "Why, mother, she must be utterly unprincipled!"

"Don't be hasty, little Castor. Pollux may only be thoughtless. Perhaps she's

savable yet." Jule's eyes flashed. "Well, her mother eight to be, any way. I'm going there to-morrow; and I'll see her mother, or faint trying. And she shall know what I think of that sort of a girl, too. Oh, mamma, how could she frolie and sing, with her poor little mother slaving at a machine through the long, hot days? I'd no idea they were as poor as that. Let's do something, mamma. Let's get up a boating party, an informal one, and invite them all; and see if Miss Nell can keep her tired little mother hidden then."

"There, there, Jule, cool down a little! You look quite flery. But the idea really isn't a bad one, and I think I'll call with you to morrow, as I ought to have done long ago."

So it happened that, the next afternoon, Nell Wayne, airily twanging her banjo in the little parlor, was surprised to see Mrs. Kessler coming up the walk

with Jule. -"Mamma in? Why, ye-es. I'll call her," and in another minute the bent little body, whom Jule had met at the gate, hurried in, a half-frightened look on her face, and needles and pins of assorted sizes on the front of her rusty black gown.

"You poor little starved creature!" Jule was commenting Inwardly. "To think of my eating iced oranges that your poor pricked fingers had earned!" But Mrs. Kessler was talking in her

own sweet, sensible way, and gradually chasing some of the tired lines from the worn little dress-maker's face. Pretty Nell's roses were uncomfortably red, when she heard the invitation for the following afternoon, and redder still when the mother, with a little gasp of astonishment, said: "Oh! how I should enjoy it! I used to love the water when I was a girl, but I haven't even seen it now for months. I don't seem to have the time. If only I could go to-morrow,

"But what?" Mrs. Kessler smiled. "There is Mrs. Miller's dress to finish, and it will take every minute until dark to-morrow."

Then it was Jule's turn to vent some of her long-pent indignation, and she did it with a sweet unconsciousness that would have convulsed her fun-loving brothers.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Wayne, I'm sure that excuse won't hold a minute. Nell is so quick at any thing; she can rush it through for you, I know."

Mrs. Wayne looked at her daughter in a dazed sort of way, and there was dead silence until Nell herself said with a queer snap in her voice: "Why, ves; there'll be no trouble about the dress. Mamma can go, of course. We'll all enjoy it immensely."

The dress actually was finished somehow, and the Wayne family made up part of the happy party of the next afternoon. One had but to look at the face and figure of the tired little woman in black, to know that she, for one, certainly was "enjoying it immensely," as her daughter had predicted. She seemed to freshen, as a thirsty blossom might have done, in the cool, sweet air: and the frolicsome breezes and the plunge of the waves brought such color and life and sparkle to her face, that Jule could hardly believe her the same care-worn creature of the day before. Jule, meantime, was doing, as she afterward affirmed, "more missionary work to the square inch" than she had ever gotten in, in all her years of service as president of the Young Ladies'

Mission Society. "Mamma," she said, months afterward, "that's one solid comfort about working with home heathen. You know just when you've got 'em. You were right about Nell; it was as much lack of thought as lack of principle, and now she's such a sweet, solid, helpful girl, that I'm sure no one could ever accuse her of doing the kittenish role, or of eating iced fruits in a cool parlor while her tired little mother snipped stuffy dresses all day in a stuffy backroom."-Maud Rittenhouse, in Interior.

THE KAFFIR'S DIAMOND. An African Story Which Reads Fairly

"There's the most beautiful diamond I have ever seen during an experience of thirty years with the sparkling gems," said a veteran diamond merchant to a Philadelphia man, as he held up a stone that seemed bathed in fire.

"That stone has a tragic history," continued the jeweler. "It comes from the De Beers mines in South Africa, and was discovered by a Kaffir employed by the company. His practiced eye saw that the gem was a marvelous one for beauty of color, and a desire to steal it overcame him. He did steal it, and to conceal the diamond-for the Kaffirs work almost naked in the diamond mines-he cut a hole in his flesh under the arm. But the wound did not heal, and the observant eye of the overseer detected what was the matter. A few days afterward he charged the Kaffir with having stolen a diamond, but the

"When the foreman reached for his sore arm the thief made a dash and ran toward the outskirts of the kraal like a sallies, when Hugh interrupted in his deer. The foreman followed him, but uncompromisingly honest fashion: "I'll the fleet-footed Kaffir outstripped him. tell you why I don't like that pretty He knew that a severe punishment awaited him if captured, and censoulless creatures we likeh her to. I the stone, the value of which would couldn't forgive even a butterfly that have made him rich for life. But the foreman was equal to the emergency, and shot the Kaffir through the back just as he was gaining the bush. His body was dragged back into the kraal, his arm was cut open and this gem was

EFFECTING THINGS.

Common-Sense Advice Regarding the Righting of Public Abuses.

It was the remark of a man who had done a good deal of public service of that sort which is wholly unremunerative, and which must be done from pure love of seeing abuses righted, that every body would apply himself to the righting of public abuses were it only generally known how easily things of this sort can be done. "The first time I undertook any thing of this sort," he said, "I went into it without the slightest hope of really accomplishing any thing more than the easing of my own conscience, and possibly of preparing the way for some one who should come after me and finish what I could not more than begin, but to my astonishment I discovered that after all one has only to set to work to do about what he will. The public is so ill-served because it is too indolent to take the trouble to find out that it may have most of the abuses which torment it remedied almost for the asking."

It is feared that this view is not to be taken too literally. It was probably too highly colored by personal experience to be reliable as far as the public in general goes. And yet it is undoubtedly true that the people who hold back from the attempt to have the unpleasant and undesirable, things which vex the community righted would be amazed at the things they could do if they would but try. It is often the mere starts that cost, as has been so continuously remarked by the proverb mongers

for hundreds of years. In matters touching the well-being of the comminity, it is almost always to those who are anxious to retain some hardly-bought political preferment that one must apply for relief; and the fear of offending a possible voter is in itself not infrequently sufficient to bring matters about. It is to be noted, moreover, that as a rule people are good natured enough to be willing to do any thing for the public good if it is not too much trouble, and the amount of urging in such a case not usually large that is needed to bring them up to the working point. The reason that things go undone is because people in general are persuaded that it is of no use to trouble themselves about them, while people n particular are apt to be so engrossed in following out their private affairs that they have no time to give to the rightning of public wrongs, even hough so doing may be their manifest and individual duty. If only folk will take hold with a will it is not essential that they have a great deal of influence or power, but they can effect a good deal simply by making a beginning-by aking that first step which provebrially

costs. -- Boston Courier. THE HOUR HAND.

A Tale Which Teaches That the Smartest

D''Come, come, you won't get around this week if you don't hurry up!" said the Minute Hand to the Hour Hand, and he winked at figure One as he passed along. "Here comes old Hour Hand," he said to figure Two. "Look out he doesn't run over you. Hello, Three!" he cried, five minutes later. 'my short friend will be around after I've made about two more trips. Oh, he's traveling! Ah, Four! Don't stop me for goodness' sake! Old Hour Hand

is after me." And so the Minute Hand went round putting them all up to poke fun at his slow friend. The figures laughed and called out to one another that the Minute Hand was too smart a chap for the Hour Hand to travel with. The Pendulum down below knew what was going on, and laughed softly as it rocked to and fro. Even the pale face of the clock seemed about to break out into a smile at the general hilarity.

Meanwhile the poor Hour Hand crept aboriously on.

"Ah, Shorty!" cried the Minute Hand close behind him, "been taking a nap? Come, I'll bet I can go around the ring twelve times to your once; look out now! I'll soon pass you."

The little bell struck sharply, "one-

"Hello, he's got as far as Two!" The figures saw, and they all laughed loudly. "Oh dear, dear!" sighed the Hour Hand, "I can't go any faster to save my life. How I wish I was as smart as the Minute Hand. I'm the butt of all his jokes, and the others laugh at me, too. haven't a friend on the face of the clock. I can't endure it any longer. I won't go on. . I'll just stop right here.' "Where's our moderate friend?" asked

the figures of the Minute Hand an hour or two later. "O, he stopped back there," was the answer. "He started to race with me,

but I guess he got out of wind." After awhile the owner of the clock came into the room. "Hello!" said he, "clock stopped? No," he continued, "but it might as well be for all the good it'll do without the Hour Hand." Then he gently touched the Hour Hand, seized the Minute Hand, shoved him round and round the circle, waited to see that they were going properly

and went away. "Whew!" exclaimed the Minute Hand, dizzy and breathless: "How he did shove me!" and he was mightily crestfallen because the figures had seen him so roughly used.

But the Hour Hand traveled on with happy face and the figures looked upon him with great respect. The moral of this tale is that the smartest people are not alway the most

nseful. - Detroit Free Press. An Unprecedented Occurrence. "Wasn't that a very big fellow that just got away from you?" asked one sherman of a fellow angler.

"No," was the reply; it was a measly little chap- I'd have thrown shim back if I'd caught him."—The Jury, Poet's Wife-What are you doing? Poet-I'm writing a poem that will

Poet's Wife-And how much are you going to get for the product of your Poet-Two dollars, if it is accepted .-Van Dorn's Magazine.

ive until time shall be no more.

THE YANKEE DRUMMER.

One Who Usually Gets Even With Those

A very neat little reminder to one of the worst bores we ever knew, a New York dude with a big cane, was administered by a clerk who attached to the cave the legend: "This is my busy day." It was not received with the best grace; visits. The man who fools with a drumcalled on him once or twice in the previous years, and, finding him all alone, after a few moments conversation called his attention to a neat little article in his line that he was introducing. The proprietor turned on his heel at

almost the first word, without looking at the article, and curtly said: "No, sir, put out his hand and bidding him goodand he would extend such courtesy as he appeared not to be accustomed to. The proprietor felt the justice of the remark and apoligized in his own fashion. In a certain town is a business man who is rather biggish for the size of the place. If a salesman calls he must send in his card to the office and humbly seek an audience.

On one occasion a salesman sent in his card by the boy, and word came back that the proprietor wanted nothing. The salesman told the boy to return and ask for the card, as they cost the firm the proprietor had torn up the card and sent five cents to pay for the same. The salesman quickly took out two more 'My firm does a square business and never takes advantage of any one. They only cost three for five cents," then sent salesman a fair show with generous treatment, and our word for it you will have no just cause to regret it. They are an indispensable adjunct to our civilization.-New England Grocer.

HER FIRST CALLER.

How the Grim Reaper Was Welcomed by

Some years ago Amelia Simpson, a maiden lady of mature years, moved into a New England village to take possession of a small property-that had been left her by a deceased uncle.

Miss Simpson was a city spinster and it happened that while moving into her marks about the village, which remarks reached the ears of the villagers.

It was before the days of boycotting but the spirit of that method existed and so unanimous were the feelings excited against the newcomer that not a soul in the village called upon her. The lady herself was unconscious that

she had offended, and made several advances in the direction of forming an acquaintance with her neighbors, but was met with cool non-recognition every

Then she withdrew herself from any communication with the people, bought all supplies from a neighboring town. and lived alone with a female servant for a score of years. At the end of that time she was taken very ill. A doctor was summoned from a distance by her faithful attendant, and he soon knew that all remedies were useless, and it only remained for him to tell poor Miss Simpson that her earthly pilgrimage was nearly over. This he did in his own way. He was a doctor of the old school and he approached the subject cour-

"Madam," he said in a grave deliberate voice, "I have done all that I possibly can do in your case to insure return of health, but without avail. It only remains for me to inform you that death has called."

Poor Miss Simpson raised herself on her pillow with a smile of satisfaction. "Show him up." she said, with shining eyes, "I have lived in this unhospitable place for twenty years, and he is the first caller I ever had!"

And she sank back with a peaceful look on her composed features.-Detroit Free Press.

First Newspaper Man-Say, Jobson what relation did you sustain to that journal you had out West? Second Newspaper Man-I was publisher

"Ah, and you hired some one to edi

"N-no, I was its editor also."

"Any thing else?" "Ye-es, -I printed is too." "Well, you did have a siege of it, Publisher, Editor and Printer. Any thing

"Well, old man, I don't generally make the fact public, but in this caseyou seem so interested, I don't mind saying that I also constituted the bulk of its circulation."-Van Dorn's Mag-

Could Not Tell a Lie. It was the little girl's first visit to dairy farm. "Uncle Zeb," she asked, "which or

of all your cows gives the most milk?" Uncle Zeb was a truthful man. He laid one hand on "Old Crumpleborn," carelessly placed the other on the pump, and said:

"This one, child."-Chicago Tribute. Couldn't Stand a Loan-

Gazzam-I never saw a man lose his strength as rapidly as Dolly did the other day.

Maddox-How was that? Gazzam-I asked him to lend me ten dollars, when straightway he declared he was unable to stand alone.-West Shore.

Interested in Selence. Miss Millie-Oh, mother, Prof. Science is to lecture to-night. Can't I go?

Miss Millie- Why, he's to lecture on "Sun-Spots," and I'm just wild to get a good cure for freckles .- N. Y. Weekly. | grain of rice was left.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. lowe of the Recently Imported Fabrics

Among recently imported fabrics for summer gowns are diaphanous white nots and silk mousselines painted with flowers in all their natural tints, arranged as a border near one selvage and strewn in small sprays over the whole but proved very effectual on subsequent | surface-roses, carnations, orchids, or violets on pure white grounds. In black mer had better trouble the business end | nets the new suggestion is cream white of a wasp, a full many a business man embroidery representing real point-lace knows. A salesman recently told us his wrought on a scalloped edge for the foot experience in a neighboring State. He of the skirt, in a narrow insertion for knew the proprietor slightly, having trimming on the other edge, and in small sprigs in the spaces between. Ecru nets for dresses are wrought all over with pink and white blossoms, or else the large-meshed silky net has

merely thickly-wrought mitred edges at the foot, all in ecru tones. The wool bareges worn a generation ago are revived for summer dresses, I don't wan't any part of it. I never get both in plain colors and brocaded with any thing until I have a call for it." The small blossoms, as gray barege with salesman waited a few moments, mak- white flowers, black with green leaves ing no reply until the proprietor was at and ecru with roses. New veilings of leisure again, then heading for the door, thinnest wool have large separate blossoms embroidered amid the rows of bye, invited him to come up to Boston drawn-work that border one selvage, as red veiling wrought with large black pansies, and black veilings with pansies in all their natural tints. Ecru and gray batistes have bands of violet and velvet-ribbon applied as borders, with single long-stemmed violets embroidered over the fabric, while other creamy batistes have gold-thread borders of bands and vines most exquisitely wrought. Thin summer cashmeres in

turquois, mushroom, pale gray and bright red shades have small black lace flowers inserted all over the breadths, with rows of lace insertions at one edge money. The boy soon returned, saying for the foot of the skirt, the yoke and sleeve trimming. A novelty in summer cloths and cam-

el's-hair for making Spanish jackets cards and writing on the back of one: and for sleeves and borders of silk gowns is plain cloth thickly studded with steel or with jets in small faceted studs. Black, gray, or beige colors are them in to the proprietor. Give the the grounds for these cloths, and they are made up in combination with bengalines and India silks, with trimmings of silk cords and spiked ends of the same metal as that in the studs. This unique combination is prettily illustrated in a gown of black India silk strewn with long pink and green leaves, worn with a Spanish jacket, cuffs, and skirt border of gray cloth thickly studded ding she always suffered, for the next with steel. The silk waist represents a blouse in front, but is closely fitted in come. The family would reach the ice the back, and has a turned-over collar cream stage of dinner and there would made the instrument of their national and full sleeves. Over this is a jacket be no cake to go with it. or sleeveless bodice of the new gray cloth studded with steel, fitted in the exclaim, "why did you not make cake, and the fate of the Jewish people.-Inback by black cord lacing down the mid- as I teld you? You know we always dependent. dle, and supplied with large eyelets in want cake with ice-cream, and I told | -Total contributions of the Church to front, through which similar cords with steel tags lace it across the full blouse front of silk. Deep cuffs of the studded gray cloth on the silk sleeves are laced up to the elbow with hanging spiked ends of steel. The silk skirt has eight large loose kilt pleats forming its front and sides, with three straight back breadths gathered at the top, and the studded cloth is used as a wide border at the foot of the front and up each side as a panel. - Harper's Bazar.

MEALS FOR SUNDAY.

Hints for Women Who Do Not Care to Here is a hint in regard to Sunday meals. It may help some women to get more time to rest on Sunday and at the same time have a tasty dinner.

On Saturday morning buy a piece of neck beef. With a sharp knife cut out the lean part, leaving fat, gristle and bone. Put lean pieces in a wooden bowl and chop very fine, season with butter size of a hen's egg and pepper, salt and sage. Press into thin cakes and set away in a cool place. Put fat, gristle and bones into a kettle, cover with cold water, set on the stove and cook slowly till the bones will slip out. Remove the bones, season with salt and pepper and set away.

Sunday morning, lay the beef cakes in very hot spider without any fat and ook over a hot fire. Make coffee and cut a generous quantity of bread, and breakfast is ready. After breakfast, peel potatoes and any other vegetables that are relished and leave in water till

twelve o'clock. Put the meat and broth and vegetables in a kettle, and stir up a dumpling made of a quart of flour, a small half teacup of lard, two teaspoons of bakingpowder and water enough to make a soft dough. Lay the dumplings over the meat and cook torty-five minutes. This with tea and coffee, bread, butter, pickles and pie will make a dinner good enough for any one, and need not take more than one hour to cook and serve, thus leaving the housewife more time for Sabbath rest and thought. Den't try to get supper on Sunday. If necessary, have a lunch of bread and milk or crackers or crackers or cake just at dark. Save strength and health by being pareful not to overwork at any time. Ella E. Hedge, in Farm and Fireside.

He Was Sorry He Spoke, Mr. Jason (with an air of triumph)-These funny men hold the mirror up to nature very successfully. One can hardly pick up a paper without finding some joke about a man being bullied by his wife. But there is very little said about the other side of the question. Mrs. Jason-No; that is too common

to be funny. - Terre Haute Express. -A Macon (Ga.) salesman while trav eling on a southern road was greatly surprised when a woman occupying an adjoining seat whispered in his ear that his personal beauty had captured her susceptible heart. She was a woman of forty-five and by no means beautiful. He took another seat, but she followed him and continued to pour into his ear her tale of passion until every person in the car was laughing. Finally it transpired that the woman was crazy and was

-A pretty incident accompanied the shower of rice at a recent wedding. As Mother-Dear me! What's got into the departing couple were showered with rice, a flock of city sparrows swooped down and covered the navement, and before they flew away not a

then on her way to an asylum.

LOVELY PARTHENIA.

A Jewel of a Girl, But Somewhat Given to Eccentricity. If you want Parthenia you can have her and welcome. She is a jewel of a lady, save that she is apt to go off on tangents that give rise to suspicions of drink, I do not think that she does drink, only that her brain is a trifle warped in the making or preserving, and I would not dare to swear that she may not get up some morning and murder every member of the family. She is such a joker, and if it occurred to her

one to do it. Parthenia is a black lady. She is the blackest lady I ever saw. Unlike most black ladies, she does not care to be called colored out of a mere mistaken sense of politeness.

that it would be funny to put the whole

family to death Parthenia would be the

"Call me a nigger," says Parthenia. "That's what I am, and I don't see why should object to being called it any more than you would object to being called white folks."

And then she will go out into the kitchen and shake with laughter for ten

minutes over her own wittiness. Parthenia can cook clear around Delmonico and still have room to sparethat is, when she wants to. She is economical to a degree, and it is the wonder of the house what she eats, for meat comes back to the table just as it went deposit vault. The washerwoman who forts in planting Union Sunday-schools comes on Tuesdays complains bitterly that she has trouble in getting enough connection with the woman of the started, of 4,155,897. house, who is generosity personified. The latter has put up with a great deal from Parthenia, partly because she believed she had a good heart and partly because she was a willing worker and would sit up till midnight over the ironing of a very large and extravagant trict alone, parting with their lands and

was hard work to stand. For instance, sometimes it would not suit her fancy to make bread or desserts. | the only reason why thousands of oth-When asked why she had not done so. and nine times out of ten her failure followed a distinct order with company reasons why she should not neglect them, she would laugh and say she didn't feel like it-or hadn't time. If her mistress ever went into the kitchen to help her out by making cake or pudtime that this was ordered it would not

you specially this morning to make it." then the diabolical creature went to the Missions, 8309,283; Church Extension, kitchen and was found there ten min-

and her long, slim body shaking with silent laughter. At last her mistress lost all patience and made some vigorous remarks which Parthenia overheard. The latter nursed her feelings in silence for a long time. She took an evening paper and read it assiduously at night until she fell asleep. the gas burning full streak all the time. On her afternoon off, as soon as the dinner dishes were washed, she would

mount to her room and go to sleep. By these presents you may know her. Still she nursed her resentment in silence until it was almost time to break up for the summer. Then one day, when it was so late that a decent girl could be got with the greatest difficulty, she sud denly told her mistress that she was go

ing to leave the very next day.
When asked for a reason: "You don't like me," she said. Her mistress tried to assure her that she fairly doted on

her, but ft was no go. "You don't love me; you only like what you get out of me." "I like you well enough to want you

to stay," said the other. "Yes," she replied, "just because you don't want the trouble of hunting up another girl.' And so this jewel, with the great big

flaws, went her way and left a house in mourning. If you want her you can have her so far as I am concerned, and I hope you will be happy with her. What is the moral of this story? don't know that it has one. It is a fair

example of what the slave of a housewife has to put up with on the girl question. Some day, when I get smart enough and have a little leisure on my hands, I am going to invent an automaton girl and make my everlasting fortune, -N. Y. Herald.

"Mr. Faber," said the old millionaire. "Yes, sir," answered his private sec-"Here are fifty begging letters. An-

swer them all with a refusal." "Yes, sir." "And you will observe that every one has a two-cent stamp enclosed for a re-

"Well, answer them all on postal cards."-The Jury. The Secret Out.

"Positively."

sev's .Weekly.

"Without doubt." "Then how can she be so successful with the men?" "I guess it is because she knows so little that the boys are never afraid or offending her by what they say."-Mun-

Customer-Look here, sir, you cheated me when you sold me this parrot. You said he was an extraordinary bird, and yet I find that he can't even say "Pretty Poll," or "Polly wants a cracker!" Bird Dealer-Yes, sir; and that is the very reason that I called him an extra-

ordinary bird.-Light. Conversational Item. Grandma-Keep quiet, Tommy; children should be silent when older people

are talking Tommy-Then I'll not get a chance to talk for a good while yet, for oid people never are silent -Texas Siftings.

NUMBER 43. RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

-The Christians of Great Britain gave altogether to foreign missions last year

-According to the latest and complete returns Irish Methodism numbers 25,345, with about (00 probationers. The net increase for the year is thirty-

-There are in the United States over three million Baptist Congregationalists. If it were not for that one concentrated point of "aqueous ritualism" that makes close communionism, the two kinds of Congregationalisms might flow together like the two drops of

-The central division of the Salvation Army lately celebrated the tenth anniversary of the landing of the army In this country. At the meeting in this city five delegates from the army in India, including a Mohammedan, a Buddhist priest and a native of Ceylon, were present.

-Bishop William Taylor, of Africa. lately arrived in this country from his large diocese. He reports that seven Methodist churches have been organized. from the "raw heathen;" that self-support is in the ascendant, and that he has thirty-five stations opened and manned

in the region of the Congo. -Nearly two hundred churches and 9,000 conversions are reported by the off, and sweets are as safe in her keep- missionaries of the American Sundaying as if they were locked up in a safe School Union as the results of the efin the past two years. Since 1894 the society has started 85,896 Sundayto eat out of Parthenia, and this has no schools, with a membership, when

-An official paper printed in Odessa, on the Black Sea, speaks of the continued immigration of the German Luth. colonists to the United States. Within the last five or six years, upwards of 1,000 such families have left that disfamily. But some of her little jokes it all their disposable property. The impossibility of disposing of their farms for any thing like their real value, is ers do not sell out and follow their im-

migrating brethren. -Seventeen centuries of Jewish history rolled away between the giving of the law of Moses and the coming of the great Messiah predicted by the prophets. That Messiah at length came in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. The Jewish people, as a whole, rejected him; and for this final sin the kingdom of God was taken from them, and Roman armies destruction. Prophecy was fulfilled to "Why, Parthenia," her mistress would the letter, alike in the coming of Christ

'I s'posed you always wanted to make as follows: Foreign Missions, \$1,375,678; t," was all the satisfaction given, and Home Missions, \$896,823; Freedmen's \$465,173; Education, \$280,429; Publicautes later, her head buried in a sheet tion, \$56,263; Ministerial Relief, \$66,145. Reckoning the gifts to Home and Freedmen's Missions, Church Extension and Education as belonging to the home work, during the period indicated, the offts to Home Missions have been \$1,951,708, or \$576,030 more than to For-

eign Missions. WIT AND WISDOM.

-A troop of other vices follow in the train of untruthfulness .- Texas Sift-

-It is a strange fact that a man can best be used as a tool when duli.-Chicago Globe. -The trouble in having your latch-

string always hanging out is that the wrong people get hold of it.-Atchison Globe -Wisdom is the clive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue,

and beareth fruit in the actions. - Grymstone. -There may be thousands of things that are beyond our comprehensic There is nothing we can not think

about, however. -When a man dubs himself "Fatalist" you can bet he is in hard luck. Good luck, as all the world knows, comes. only by chance.-Puck.

-We are too fond of our own will.

We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great point is, to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.—Cecil. -Painful it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life, must we learn to

bear without a murmur, for it is a tale often repeated.-Hyperion. -Every object should have a suitable background. Things seen through too long a perspective are apt to lose their lines of symmetry and proportion and

so fail in appreciation. -Judge. -Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is primarily the squint of auspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed. - Zimmerman.

-It has been said that all great men are simple, but it is to be noted that most of them are smart enough not to develop the quality until after reputation of greatness is fully established .- Van Dorn's Magazine.

-When a young man starts into business it should be with the intention of pursuing it to the end. It is the staying quality in men that makes them successful and helps them to good charactor.-United Presbyterian.

-To establish truth, is to live for the truth, in its beauty, its entirety, putting into life all pure thought, energy and influence; putting the life itself, into each smallest, as well as great concern of humanity, loyal at every moment for the right of any matter, and to the rights of any people, or any indi-vidual.—The Household.

-Not in thy condition but in thyself lies the mean impediment over which thou canst not gain the mastery. What mortal in the world without inward calling but would be miserable? He who is born with capacities for any undertakings finds in fulfilling these the fairest portion of his being. It is the secret impulse within; it is the love and delight we feel that helps us to conquer ob stacles, to clear out new paths, and to overlap the bounds of that narrow eligie in which others poorly toil .- Goethe.